



register

WINTER 1973

Compliments of

Howard J. Richard, C.L.U.

New York Life Insurance Company

THREE CENTER PLAZA

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02110

332-5366

332-3996

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

VOLUME XCV

NUMBER 1

January 1974

Published 2 times a year by the students
of the Boston Latin School

Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

One dollar and seventy-five cents per year;
by mail two dollars.

This issue is dedicated to the city of Boston,
which was, for better or worse, the inspiration
for much of the work contained herein.

Editors

Harris Collingwood
Timothy Lay
William Shea
Murray Vetstein

Artists

Dan Flanigan
Vincent Tam

Photographers

Teodor Asbergs
Paul D'Amato
Bruce Wisentane

Photography & Art Advisor

Paul D'Amato

Literary Contributors

Phil Bonomo
Harris Collingwood
Francis Cusack
Michael DiCarlo
Meg Gallagher
Timothy Lay
Steve Messina
William Shea
Murray Vetstein

Design Consultant

Dan Flanigan

Literary Advisor

Mr. Kevin Roche

Business Advisor

Mr. William Powers

Contents

<i>Prose</i>					
KIND ASSAULT	<i>William Shea</i>	3	THE PARK	<i>Timothy Lay</i>	13
PROTOTYPE	<i>Steve Messina</i>	6	THE EMPTIEST ROOM	<i>Harris Collingwood</i>	14
THE OTHER SIDE	<i>Murray Vetsstein</i>	7	BLEAK	<i>Harris Collingwood</i>	14
THE END (OR THE BEGINNING)	<i>Phil Bonomo</i>	12	THIEVES	<i>Harris Collingwood</i>	14
MUG SHOTS	<i>William Shea</i>	16	ENDING	<i>Harris Collingwood</i>	14
<i>Verse</i>			THE QUESTION	<i>Francis Cusack</i>	15
FALLING TIME	<i>Timothy Lay</i>	4	SILENT ALWAYS SILENT	<i>Francis Cusack</i>	17
11/3/73 11:50 P.M.—11/4/73 12:15 A.M.			MY THOUGHTS	<i>Meg Gallagher</i>	18
.....	<i>Steve Messina</i>	5	SHOWSTOPPER	<i>Harris Collingwood</i>	19
INTO YOUR EYES	<i>Mike DiCarlo</i>	5	<i>Art & Photography</i>		
EPIC	<i>William Shea</i>	8	PAGES 18, 19, 20	<i>Paul D'Amato</i>	
MIRACLES ARE REAL	<i>Murray Vetsstein</i>	9	PAGES 3, 12, 17	<i>Vincent Tam</i>	
PERENNIAL MOTLEY (OCTOBER 31, 1973)	<i>William Shea</i>	13	PAGE 9	<i>Dan Flanigan</i>	
COVER			PAGES 10, 11	<i>Bruce Wisentanner</i>	
			PAGE 11	<i>Ted Asberg</i>	
			<i>Paul D'Amato</i>		

Thanks to David Gorman BLS '73

KIND ASSAULT

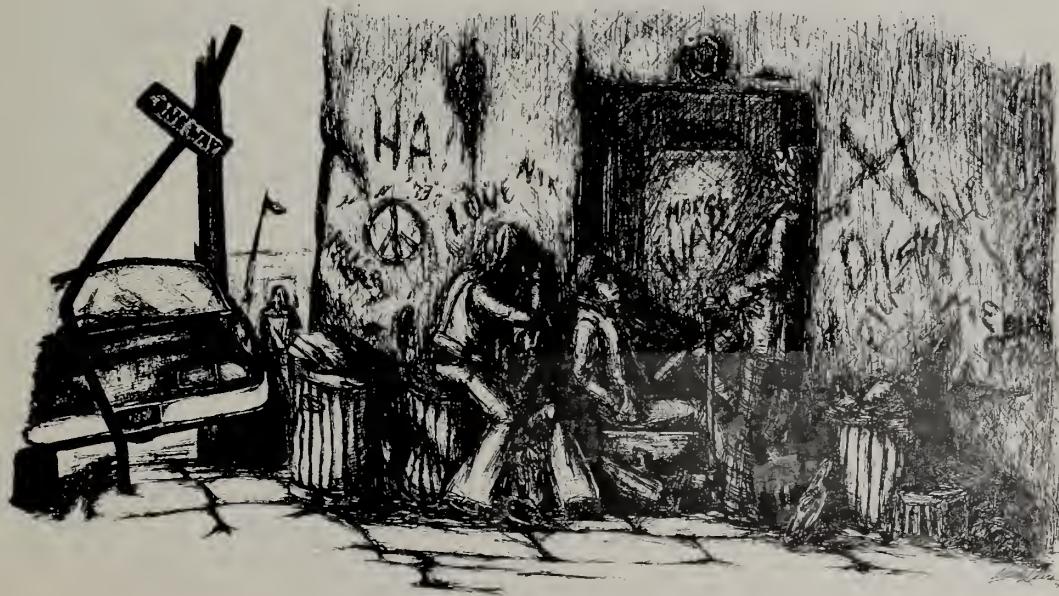
William Shea

THE FACE of the girl who stood before us in the store possessed a peculiar beauty, not Oriental, but definitely Eastern, dark outlines of features against pale skin, a snowy background for some desert's sultriness. This was the substance of a constant expression of fear, eyes black and wide, their pupils reflecting nothing, and the mouth dropped open slightly, even when smiling. Her body, by comparison, held no beauty of any sort, but was a plump, dumpy mass. As she waited for her quart of Collins mixer (asked the Greek storekeeper's wife: "You, uh, sure this is for your father?", as if afraid of contributing to an already rampant delinquency), she tried to peddle speed, seeming not to talk directly to us, although we were the only others there who might be buying. Her words, soft and hollow, were followed by a long silence. Then Ginny, my friend, turned to me and expressed a whispered interest in trying it. By way of objection, my eyes glaring incredulously, I affectionately

pushed and pressed her against the glass of the candy shelves. She smiled with faith in my dubious wisdom, for I was widely (and wrongly) reputed to be an expert in self-destruction. I was feeling oddly close to her, just a friend, that evening.

We walked out into the blackness. She wanted me to walk her home. I felt strangely that I saw the same fear which overshadowed the amphetamine girl's face now clouding her very different loveliness, unsculpted, soft, rose-cheeked. I left her at the curb and watched her proceed through the fence, up the steps, stopping at her front door. Looking blankly at the few patches of pavement grey not overhung by the trees, I said sarcastically, "Watch it, there might be somebody in your hallway."

Struck by some hypochondriac feeling, she pleaded. "Oh, walk me inside." I thought quickly of the burlesque that might follow, searching the house for assailants, she nervously naive, I leering, upstairs to her bedroom where I would offer to spend the night, protect her from the threats of the walls . . . I could scarcely perceive my feet through the dark, but addressed her vague outline thus: "Will you get the hell into your house . . ."



Now I walked on, stopping as is my custom to check the coin returns of phone booths, past queues of settled, strictly kept houses, obtrusive lights beaconing to the world empty living rooms. Stately with ignorance and plump with adherence to the autumn-hardened ground, I wondered what could they possibly know of the street?

O, the street, just past the drugstore where young girls gathered to have someone buy their cheap wine for them; turn a corner and into a world where people throw garbage out the window and do not bring their dogs up for shots. It was a poor section, with run-down houses uncared-for by dissolute residents, who passed all their time sitting on their steps looking sour and screaming at their children. There was violence, as always, on the street that black night, but of a more ostentatious sort than ever. Lucy Leslie, who was said to give out numbers to her ever-proliferating boyfriends and call for them over an intercom, had brought together two unfriendly segments of the neighborhood for her entertainment. But this was, as one critic in the Station 14 log wrote, "a sorry performance, full of wounded ballerinas doing a Totentanz from one car roof to another, daredevil acts which made gross errors, and a truly dull score of bottles crashing and a persistent roar sailing in and out of empty lots and windows, underfoot." A metallic sheen burst under the suddenly smirking November full moon . . .

A week of rain had flooded the park. A baby had been drowned. Passing by there now, I saw the body of the infant being raised aloft by an ancient woman, surrounded by an odd congregation of equally old women and nuns. Sitting some distance from these the mother held her other child, an identical twin. Still further a ragged man alternately swigged gin and made the sign of the cross. I quickened my pace of wandering through the fog for home.

Falling Time

*The second is here, then gone
too fast.
Gone, lived,
never to be had again.
As I think in remorse
unheeded seconds more
slip my
grasp
and fall away into memory.*

— Timothy Lay '75

11/3/73 11:50 p.m. — 11/4/73 12:15 a.m.

*Hey Ron Robin,
just called up to identify myself
as the little urchin listening to you
on a worn but surviving radio
who used to call you at six in the morning
and argue about the jokes you told
(that I just found out you bought
for ten dollars a dozen).*

Remember?

Remember.

*Surely you do.
A sweet little memory, safe tucked away
in a subconscious section
(and likely, thank God, to remain that way
far away).*

Remember?

*Hey Ron
You know, I'm the one with the friend
who thought he'd convinced you he once lived in England.
He wants to mail himself to California
and be Steve Winwood (with John Lennon and
Marc Bolan thrown in for good measure).
Don't criticize — he can do it,
just ask him.*

And Ron —

*you got a hell of a racket
playing records that you don't need
that I need.*

But Ron

*it's been fourteen years and sometimes I'm sure
you've kept me alive all the way.*

No requests.

— Steve Messina '75

Into Your Eyes

*It certainly wasn't in my dreams but . . .
I never knew just how tall the grass was
but I could see the ends hovering just above the shadow.
Nor did I know how uncomfortable it was to lie on a beer can,
until the next day when I felt the dull pain piercing my back.
I never felt the cold of the night
but I know it was cold because I shivered.
I never saw the stars in the sky
though you really couldn't miss them
unless the treetops were hiding their light
or maybe something else . . .*

— Mike DiCarlo '74

PROTOTYPE

THE BUS DRIVER let Steve off a stop ahead, which was good, Steve supposed, because he didn't want to go home just yet. Came the seething time, when he had to clear his mind. A liberal, he thought sardonically, tries to see the other guy's point of view while being mugged. There was a car across the street and Steve looked in the side-view mirror. Deciding he was presentable, he walked home — very, very slowly.

Karen stared across the room and wondered why he was smiling. A sick smile, she thought. Frightening. Gilbert, down the row, was concerned for his friend as well. God, Steve thought, I'm compelling. If only they knew. They. They. **They. THEY THEY THEY.** Would it always be so? Jerry had said, "You try to make enemies." Steve said then, "I can't help it."

The bell rang as Mr. Wilson intoned his Health I classic about emotional maturity. Somehow Steve sensed that Mr. Wilson meant him, not that the teacher made any attempt to hide his target. Steve strode toward Gilbert. "The great advantage to having the writing thing," he told Gil, "is that I can kill people like Mr. Wilson.

"I can destroy him. He'll be sitting back in his chair and he'll suddenly see himself, and he won't believe it."

"What are you gonna do?" Gil asked. "Show him a movie?"

"That's not a bad idea."

"It's only a restatement," Jerry said, folding the manuscript.

"Of course it is." Steve was slightly hurt but went on. "Do you know why? Look at that bump on my head."

"Oh, that's a beautiful bump."

"It's a restatement! The same bump, returned there time after time by the same damn fools." Steve had already discarded a line about how "for every bump outside some other damn fool puts another one inside." Corny. Of course. Aren't they all.

"You're crazy," Jerry said.

"I know."

"I know you know."

"Et cetera."

"Of course."

Jerry leaned in. "So Steve, tell me about your mugging. I was merely being facetious before. I love that bump."

"You're always facetious, Jeremy, as am I."

"Only when I'm with you."

"Same here. Therefore. No, I won't tell you."

"Tell me."

"No."

"I'll do origami with your neck. Tell me."

"Of course. OK. One of about fourteen hundred kids, all of whom are named Scopa, all of the same parental heritage —"

"Speak English."

"When you do. Anyway, one of the fourteen hundred siblings said I was breathing the same air as his brother, so he summarily beat my ass."

"Oui, señor," said Jerry.

"Oui, señor," said Steve.

"So you're going to destroy these fourteen hundred siblings in an epic masterpiece."

"Oui, señor," said Steve.

"Oui, señor," said Jerry.

Paperback Booksmith.

"See? Restatement," Jerry said, handing Steve a copy of a Vonnegut book. "Read it."

"Disappear! Appear! Disappear! Appear!" These were the captions of the pictures as Adolph Hitler disappeared and reappeared. The book was based on a TV show called **Between Time and Timbuktu**.

"Precisely!" Steve said. "Someone crosses me, and I write them away. Mental gymnastics. Poetic license."

Jerry, meanwhile, had buried his head in the art section. "Someone **whats** you?"

"Someone hurts me, or calls me something objectionable, or questions my masculinity . . ."

"The fourteen hundred Scopas."

"Or Mr. Wilson."

"Mr. Wilson?"

"He hates me, so he doesn't exist anymore."

"Like, reality is a myth," Jerry said.
"Similar."

"Steve, you've got a persecution complex. You'll never grow up."

"I will grow up, Jerry! And it's not so complex. There's one thing that can change it."

"You sound like a terminal adolescent."

"Well, maybe it's persecution, but think—and it is very adolescent. So think. Put them together: adolescent and persecution."

"Oui, señor."

So there was a bus ride home, and the bus driver let Steve off at the right stop, which was OK because Steve was. The bus seemed less crowded—by about fourteen hundred people.

Mr. Wilson's class was loud. In sound, that is. Gil approached Steve. "Where's Mr. Wilson?" Gil asked.

"He ate something that didn't agree with him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Gil, I explained it all to Jerry. It has to do with mind over matter."

"Yeah, but what does that got to do with Mr. Wilson?"

"He doesn't like me. In my mind at least, he's gone."

"You're insane."

"No I'm not. I'm a terminal adolescent."

"You're a WHAT?"

"Not terminal. Just an adolescent persecution victim. But I've finally found the ultimate weapon to fight back with: **Mind over Matter**. Mr. Wilson is just another victim because he hurt me."

Gil was puzzled. "You mean if I hurt you—?"

"Well, there's one way to stop it. I'll lay down my big weapon if they lay down theirs. If they won't lay theirs down, I'll make it so they have to, so they won't say vicious things about me because everyone'll know they aren't true."

"You mean if they stop calling you gay you'll—"

At that point Karen walked up and said **Hi!** and Steve said **Hi!** back.

And Mr. Wilson walked into the room.

Steven Messina '76

THE OTHER SIDE

MOST OF THE PEOPLE where I work are dropouts. Others are students who work part-time for loyalty fund money or college money or beer money. I am one of the best of a shabby crew of carbonic engineers. There is little but money.

* * *

Dealing with the impatient, sometimes even insulting customers is a challenge and an education in itself. There are three types of customers. First, and unfortunately most frequent, are the old ladies. They love ice cream sodas with coffee ice cream. Next are the bankers. They drive me crazy, looking at their watches as if their life might end in minutes. They like vanilla ice cream—it doesn't disturb their ulcers. Last are the freaks, halter-top girls and common refugees among them. They don't mind chatting, and generally have an obsession for jimmies. The freaks don't look down on you. They make you feel acceptable.

* * *

This year the shop is celebrating its hundredth birthday. The guy who washes dishes must be at least that old. He doesn't talk much and always has a puppy-dog look of hopelessness on his face. He has been washing dishes all his life. He'll probably die with a crusted plate in his hand.

* * *

There are many times when I feel like quitting school when life and school seem miles apart. Maybe they really are. But all that food is giving me a rash, and all that work is giving me an insight.

Murray Vetstein '74

I

*A ten-years' dance or more in asymmetrical rhythm
whirling violently hurtling onward
senselessly relentlessly
Allehaunen's salt-water steeds to beach-head.*

*Ships from which rushed
the hero's emissaries
to rape . . .*

*millenniums, millenniums
again, again*

Epic

— William Shea '75

*But now the structure which sheltered him
from the seas and supported him on his forays is rotting
and he has climbed the weary rocks
to sit watching the decaying wood
the unquestionably powerful wisdom of his youth
evaporating like a stagnant pool before the frozen sun of his late knowledge
"You know," he babbles, his god-like beard, pale white,
turning to dull grey and black,
"the ocean could get awful rough. Almost fell
in the water once. No naked mermaids either."*

II

*I am not complaining, I am merely crying,
for I have seen my "bettters"
crushed under the undulating juggernaut of the hard songstress.
They, having loved her dissonant chiming,
the searing tone of a million torn cuticles,
have fallen into depths of bitterness,
a turtle's strong-shelled home.*

I?

*I walk, but more often stumble, fall in this place
where sunlight braves broken windows to reveal
to my eyes, bloody with ever-widening,
all manner of time-swept trash.
Each night I surrender,
lie on the dusty stone stairs . . .
loath to use the bed, flooded
with the wastes of endless ejaculations
cold as November curbstones
. . . once these sheets unkempt formed a lover's spine,
now convey the simple truth of mad disarray.*

III

*Gawking, tourists in our own city,
we drive by the artists
who are mass-producing temporal classics of bosomy folded marble
from the pliant bones of their models.
Lost, we reach for a map
my father acquired for us in the Dead Sea, but
it crumbles upon contact with our flesh,
so we ride on, confused, sleepy, and blind.*

IV

*and I am old, old as death, older still,
for I do not die.
Death is the fate of children-gods
trampled into the ground
giving birth to the earth.
I decay but never disintegrate,
do not disappear so as to guide you.
So I am useless.
But lily-petals can be used as swords
cutting a path through this epic*

Miracles Are Real

*Blade of grass —
tall and slender.*

* * *

*Killer weeds can't
pierce your armor.
Winter snows, piled
deep above, can't
smother you.
Under the feet
of turgid bodies,
you always withstand.
Even when o'erpowered
by men's mighty mowing madness
you survive.*

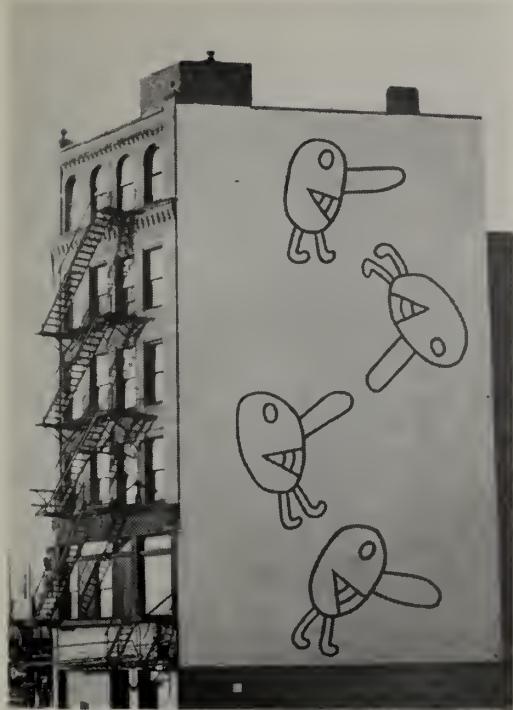
* * *

*Blade of grass
green, fresh, inviting,
unspoiled by the violence
that has become convention.
You grow every year.
Tell me how.*

— Murray Vetstein '74







THE END (OR THE BEGINNING)

"DON'T YOU THINK we should stop it now, Dad?"

"I suppose it is time, Son. A pity though."

"They sure made a mess of it, didn't they?"

"Indeed, Son, indeed."

"I wonder if they know?"

"Know what?"

"What's going to happen."

"Some knew it would happen sooner or later; most hoped later."

"Well, there's no time like the present."

"Absolutely, Son. Here goes."

Suddenly a sound, a roar, quite inhuman, fills and overflows the air. Following this thousands of voices unify in a crescendo of song. After the tumult, silence.

"Well, Dad, that's that."

"Ummm."

"Sad?"

"I suppose I am. They could have had it so good, but they didn't try, they didn't love, they didn't trust, they didn't obey."

"Dad, you can't blame yourself for all this."

"I even gave them YOU; you deserve more than this for all you gave them."

"Yes, but all of them weren't like that, Dad."

"Yes, there were some who did love, trust, and obey, and they shall be rewarded!"

"That's the way, Dad!"

"Shhhh . . . here they come now . . . Welcome my friends, it's so good to see you all finally made it. Of course you all know my son."



Vincent Van

Phil Bonomo '74

Perennial Motley

October 31, 1973

*The not quite perfectly quartered moon,
probably somebody's sun once,
and children blurred into gypsies
easily cajole me into dreams tonight.*

But i have work to do.

*The lore of a smashed civilization awaits,
a state led by men who had solved all mysteries
with answers of quickly improvised stone gods.*

*Still first i must ravage the countryside
like a werewolf, words barely escaping my fangs,
screeches to echo through the planet's graveyard,
barks to scratch at your bolted kitchen doors.
So many howls to pierce your heart
all the dark ages.*

— William Shea '75

The Park

*Passing through the park
confronted by old men snoring
on old benches
whose paint is half gone
and
babies crying in carriages
as tried mothers push on.
Teenagers,
amidst their hair
play frisbee
on the cigarette-littered grass
while a duck
flaps and waddles to avoid
the violent stones of a boy.
Finally I return
to the edge of this domain
back to the noise of traffic
where
horns yell
their mating call.*

— Timothy Lay '75

The Emptiest Room

dead sing through the wind

*past
dry orphan shacks
onto the plain smooth dust
and crab bushes reaching
no buffalo no cowboys
no battles
and ghostshadows blow across this dry shell*

Bleak

gaunt autumn

staring

*leaves
and rain and
all else that can
fall*

— Harris Collingwood '74

Ending

Thieves

*old fisher men
under fireflies
drag aboard the nets
as trees reel
in the wind off the water
and coil it round the leaves*

*Lotta people rob wishing wells.
A lady in Kansas for example*

*where people still trust
enough to throw money into wells*

*said if she had a trailerhome
she would live happily ever after.*

*She gave a salesman some money.
He gave her a trailerhome.*

*Now it was hers
it wasn't half as good as heavrn.*

The Question

*Love is a many splendored thing
Love makes the world go 'round
This is a love song
That's what the songwriters say*

*Love is deep devotion
Love is affection
Love is liking very much
That's what Funk & Wagnall's says*

*In tennis love is nothing
Forty-love is forty-nothing
Love is zero, zilch, nil*

*Love is a word you hear a million times
That's what I say*

What is love?

*I've asked myself what love is
I've asked many others too
They give me many answers
I give myself many answers*

*What is love, I ask
Who am I asking
Am I asking myself
I do not know, myself*

*That's crazy, what I said
I said I don't know myself
But I live with me every minute
I must know me by now*

*Maybe I'm crazy if I don't know me
Of course I am . . . I think
I've told everyone that
Yes, I'm crazy and I'm proud of it*

What is love?

*Some people make love
Is that like making cars
But now only machines make cars
Will machines be the only ones to make love*

*Some people fall in love
I fell in a hole once
It hurt
Does it hurt to fall in love*

*Some people find love
I found a dollar once
That was a surprise
Is finding love a surprise*

What is love?

*Am I asking you what love is
If you knew, could you tell me
Maybe you could, maybe not
Maybe you wouldn't*

*Why am I asking Am I afraid
Or would I be afraid if I knew
Maybe I know now but I won't tell
If I knew, could I tell you Would I*

*I'm sick of not knowing
I know a lot, I know nothing
I don't remember what I've said
Please tell me if you know*

What is love?

— Francis Cusack '75

MUG SHOTS

HIS FATHER was a police photographer. The boy remembered once sitting at the dinner table with his mother when that body, blind to the gross beatings of age, half-stumbled in the house, sat down and began to speak gruffly of a corpse which he had had to photograph that day "dead so long they couldn't tell what sex it was." God, and I'll bet you did want to ask it out, thought the boy, not delighted with this hors-d'oeuvre.

* * *

He recalled a long ride before the crash of their last car. Along the dull turnpike father and son had said nothing. The radio, a boring "easy-listening" station, droned the theme from "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." His father, an excellent whistler, joined in. Sometime after the end of that he said to the boy, who was staring beyond the filthy windshield, "Open the glove compartment and take out the brown envelope."

The boy did so and held quizzically with both hands the package, which was suitable for keeping rather large photographs.

"Take a look at the picture inside."

The boy obeyed this command slowly. His father's ridiculous sense of suspense had led him to expect something at the very least unpleasant: a murder victim, a demolished car, what? He painfully drew out a large photograph of a woman, about fifty years old, her face brutally covered with scars, scabs, and bruises.

Dryly: "That's what happens when a man gets mad at his wife."

* * *

He sat looking at an old family photograph album while his father stood punching the television in order to "get a better picture." No photograph in the thick book had been taken after the boy had reached his second birthday. These were images of relatives, their youth now faded and distorted; the old feeling one encounters when confronted with such ragged vestiges of the past came quickly to mind, but he swallowed it: such an old, cliché idea.

But there were these people, far younger than as he could know them, seeming to him like the pictures one sees

of criminals in magazines, pictures of the "happier days" before their corruption. He smiled at this thought, and then at the dusty-lens vision of his family of killers.

One photograph especially snared his eyes: an old man, far too old for him to have ever met, was being hustled out of a hall by violently exuberant friends; perhaps they were celebrating the ninetieth anniversary of the man's death, he mused. Confetti was falling about, magnified into monster worms by proximity to his father's camera. The man had been caught off-guard: the face behind his glasses was made blank by the reflection of a street-lamp's light upon the lenses, but from his mouth an impression of almost frightened confusion could be gained. Maybe it was the worms. "Save me! Save me from the worms!"

He laughed audibly. Oh jeez. Weird. His father slammed his hand down upon the television once more, then sat down, remarking with pride, "Now isn't that a better picture?"

The screen was all static and shadow. He went to his room, opened his book on Zen. Where was I? Oh yeah, chapter on "Un-Knowing."

* * *

His head soft with beer, he stood waiting for his friend to get the tape-player out of the car the window of which they had just smashed. Christ, what am I doing here? Could be down talking to Cathy. As the late great Maurice Chevalier would have put it, la belle Cathleen, voulez-vous vous coucher avec moi, la dee, la dah, he crooned mockingly to himself in an affected bass. So beautiful she is. Talks weird, though. Sort of stupid. But at least she's honest, innocent. Almost . . . wise in that way.

"C'mon! Cops!"

Oh Christ, did it this time. They ran quickly, swearing loudly, and in their running were almost killed by the screaming police car which stopped in front of them.

They were pushed into the police station where — Huh? He hasn't worked nights in six years! — his father was waiting with his camera. Through his fear and disbelief an absurd idea came. Perfect for the family album. Nothing new.

William Shea '75

Silent Always Silent

"I love you."
"What?"
"Nothing."
"Why am I afraid?
Afraid she'll laugh,
or afraid she won't?"

I am silent.

"You stupid jerk."
"What'd you say, boy?"
"Nothing, sir."
Phew, he almost heard me.
I'm glad he didn't . . .
I wish he did.

I'm still silent.

He's hurting her.
Should I yell?
What will he do?
I won't be silent,
"Hey stop!"

BANG!!

Silent forever.

— Francis Cusack '75



Vincent
122



My Thoughts

*i sat there thinking lovely thoughts —
thoughts only meant for him,
but then my thoughts were no longer
clear — my thoughts were growing dim.*

*dim because he is not loving me
yet i am loving him.*

*but now my thoughts are clear again,
clear and no longer dim, and
i sit here thinking lovely thoughts —
thoughts only meant for him.*

— Meg Gallagher '77

Showstopper

*Trees bore
shackles
Clouds cast
shadow on the wall of sky*

*Feared
planned for
failing with teachers psychiatrists parents
me once The summer
I knew her she was in children's theatre
always practicing I told her
rote wisdom to lean on
She loved it
Mothered me
Daddied her*

*Talked her into giving it up
in fall — a teary telephone
scene — and stopped going to church
a while*

*Met her one time
again She was practicing
the creed of herself
Almost got it by heart
She blew up her own balloons she
said I'd seduced her
Most likely*

*She left mad
carrying herself
like a room with no windows
and every door shut
I thought about something else until*

*Dad told me you killed yourself at Park Street
Hearing the roar
railrocking approach
were you ready to jump and
once jumped
said one scrambling split second
NO*

*Too late
we were all too late*

*Karen your tears
and my tears are old
as children's*

*torn
falling
locked from Eden*

— Harris Collingwood '74





*Compliments of
Raytheon Company
Lexington, Mass.*

The
Lexington
Press, Inc.